

# WAR CRY

AND OFFICIAL GAZETTE OF THE SALVATION ARMY IN CANADA AND NEWFOUNDLAND.

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## A 15,000 MILE TRIP.

BY THE EDITOR.

"All hail the power of Jesus' name."

"Hitherto hath He helped me." It was October 31st, '93, when some of my Australian comrades at Sydney, waved to me their farewell, and the last strains of the song,

"God be with you till we meet again,"

flooded across the blue harbor-water to the R. M. S. *Britannia*.

It is now January 30th in '94, and I am at last actually on Canadian soil, fastening my eyes on the pure white mantle with which mother earth has adorned herself; breathing the crisp, exhilarating air, and saying to myself, "Home at last." I may

at the van of the fight. It has been my privilege to travel thousands of miles with your old Commissioner.

"His only refuge was to above,  
And cry, behind the Lamb!"

He and Mrs. Coombs send their love to you. They do not forget to pray for you. Both the Commissioner and Mrs. Coombs, and the four children are fairly well.

—20—

I must have publicly sacrifice praise and thanksgiving for God's goodness and preserving care towards me. With the exception of the snow storm which detained us a day off Halifax, we have not had one gale all the way from Sydney. The nautical term that a sky pilot aboard produces stormy weather has been found, at least, for me delightfully untrue. Hallelujah!

I was also privileged to have some happy spiritual times on the way here. In that island of tropical luxuriance, made famous

neighbors. At one of the Mediterranean ports, a young fellow came aboard who did much in the line of song-singing. There was one of his songs I couldn't escape. It had such a catchiness about it that it would—against myself—keep going over in my mind. It was called "My Old Dutch," and described a London coterie's love for his "old gal," to whom he had been married forty years. I had nothing against the said coterie or his "old gal," but I did not want to be continually echoing his sentiment about her, so at last I divorced—not the coterie and his wife—but the tune from the words, and substituted for the latter a song with chorus,

"I've been converted now for many a year,  
And it seems not as long too long;  
And I say (I mean) I love it to the end,  
To Christ they should all belong."

Look out for full words with music later.

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I received a warm welcome at Halifax

as man, Staff-Captain Morris. With him and Adjutant Howell I had an uproarious day. When shall I forget that song which, with its dawningly happy surroundings, rushed along like a G.P.R. express:

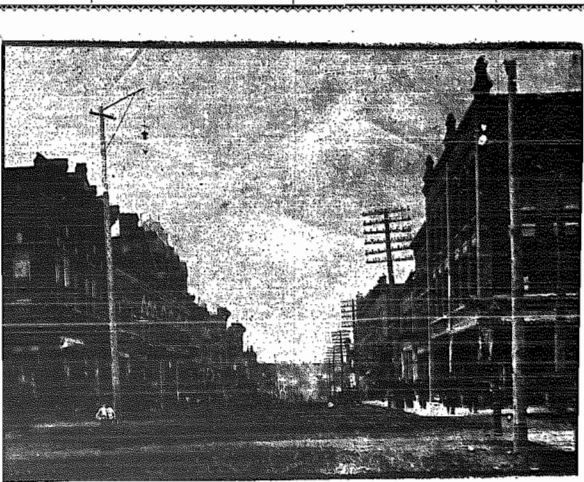
"Lord, I believe, Lord, I believe,  
Harbour, raise my faith in Thee,  
Till it do more a miracle," etc."

—20—

Salvation Army work at Halifax seems to be going with leaps and bounds. The new citadel, comprising barracks, junior soldier hall, quarters accommodation, and offices, is a capital acquisition to our forces and a credit to the city.

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I also had the pleasure of seeing that building, which it is anticipated, will be converted into another of the same class as the celebrated "Joe Boel" of Montreal. In another part of the city a commodious house has been selected for the carrying on



(G. H. Warren, Photographer.)

ORILLIA MAIN STREET.

(See page 6.)

say so, may I not? If the Halifax style of welcome is typical of Canada, I cordially shall call myself "at home here."

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There is much to say on the salvation new line, but forgive me if I break off right here to tell you my experience. You have it in the very popular words—

"I love Jesus, hallelujah,  
I love Jesus, yes I do;  
I love Jesus, His very favour,  
Pardon sinners and loves me too."

Put a "rescuee" into the first and second lines, and if you are in the Spirit it will come to your heart just right.

—20—

I left Commissioner Coombs in Western Australia. He is still forging ahead, right

by Bishop Hooper's immortal lines, the Singapore chief officer had arranged several meetings. In the streets of Kandy, surrounded with a crowd of Singaporeans and Tamils, including a big sprinkling of brown-skinned children, we told the sweet story of old. Then, later on, in a capably situated barracks, with an S. A. Garrison corps, we had a good time. I found the Singaporeans are as fond of a rousing, go-ahead meeting as their Salvation comrades elsewhere. At Colombo, seventy miles distant from Kandy, Major Evans had arranged an officers' meeting, at which I had the pleasure of meeting a lady well known in Toronto—Mrs. Kew. That lady gave me a fascinating report of Toronto.

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Ship life brings one too close to one's

from an old comrade—Adjutant Howell. We met years ago on a hard frozen road off Macdonald. At that time I was a Salvation Gypsy, with a dozen cadets to train, and responsible for their huge horses which dragged along the Queen's highway our hotel-on-wheels. That night off Macdonald was biting cold, and the road was glib. The horses, not rough shod, failed in their foothold at every step. When most needed Brother Howell came to the rescue, and together we learned to do two things, viz.: push and pray. We pushed at our hotel-on-wheels, and as we pushed we prayed. Both Adjutant and myself have found it a useful way through difficulties since.

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At Halifax I met with that whirlwind of

of that work which everyone instinctively feels is so Christ-like, viz.: the rescue of fallen women.

—20—

Captain Fox and Ensign Arlott welcomed me at Montreal. Joe Boel converted is a gem of a place. I have no space to do it justice at present, only to say I was delighted with it throughout, and pray God to multiply the features of the glorious Social Wing.

The Standard Boot and Shoe Co., of San Francisco, has donated to the Social Wing of the Army 100 waterproof coats, to be used by the working men in wet weather.





















